a shrewd, good-natured glance. After he's cut the end off a long, slim cigar, he opens up.

"McCabe," says he, "you've done me good turn, a mighty good turn. I appreciate it. But I must say that I still consider myself neither foolish nor crazy. It's merely this: I have a lot more money than I need. I wanted to share a little of it with those unfortunates who do need it so badly. Now, in heaven's name, why shouldn't I?"

"Because they're bums, most of 'em," says I, "and they don't deserve help."

Silas rocks his head vigorous.

"No," says he. "You're wrong. No man being ever fell so low that he didn't deserve to be helped up. Besides, it isn't fair to call a man a bum just because you find him sitting on a park bench. I know, because I've been there."

"Ah, go on!" says I. "You?"

He stops to light the slim cigar, and gazes awhile at the smoke he puffs toward the ceiling.

"It was in Detroit," says he, "nearly forty years ago. I'd been working in a little foundry up in Alpena, and I had come down to the big city to make my fortune by selling a patent stove-damper that I had thought out. I was a raw, pid-looking country boy. I suppose I looked even more stupid than I really was, for the city rather dazed me. Anyway, no one would let me explain about my new damper. They wouldn't give me a job in the pattern shops, either. So I sat on a park bench for two days and nights, hungry and discouraged."

"Until some one came along and slipped you a dollar?" I suggests.

"I wish some one had," says he. "It wouldn't have taken me so long to find out that the tooth-and-nail theory of life ought to be left to the beasts. No; I could have starved right there in public quite undisturbed. But I didn't. When I got desperate enough, I went back to a pattern shop where I had been all but thrown out, and offered to work for half pay. They fired an old fellow who'd been with them for years and gave me his place. I felt a little mean about it at the time, but I soon forgot. I was mighty busy. Evenings I whittled away at a model of my damper, and I perfected the Rapp oven.

"When I had saved up enough to take out patents on the whole thing, I went to a rival concern and made a deal with them to put it on the market. Baker was foreman there. He saw the possibilities of the Rapp range at once, and talked over the directors. It was Baker, too, who advised me to take my pay in shares instead of cash. So I divided with him. We put our dividends back into stock. Inside of ten years we had control and were starting out on that campaign of ours —'Rapp & Baker Ranges in a Million Homes.' Well, we did it, and more. And here I am."

"Yes," says I; "here you are, almost creatin' a riot because you don't know how to spend your money."

"I suppose you could tell me just how it ought to be done?" says he.

"I don't know anything easier," says I. "Seems to me I'd hunt up all my relations and give 'em a good time."

Silas hunches his shoulders.

"I tried that," says he. "Three summers ago I got them all together—nearly thirty of 'em—at my big Michigan farm on the lake shore. I built a twenty-room annex on to the house especially to accommodate 'em, bought five automobiles and half a dozen motor-boats, laid out tennis courts and croquet grounds, and hired an orchestra for the season.

"But it didn't work. Not one of 'em was satisfied. Cousin Kate left because Cousin Emma had a private bath and she didn't. Uncle Tom's boys scrapped with Aunt May's youngsters. The young folks wanted to dance all night, and the old people wanted the place quiet after nine o'clock. Every one bossed the servants. Until half of 'em quit. Then my twin nephews came down with measles, and there was a grand howl to have them sent away.

"Before the season was over I was half crazy. Never again! I had the annex torn down, and I've arranged a family pension list which bars visiting. No more family reunions for me, thank you. Living with sister Sarah is bad enough. I've sort of got used to her, though. You see, since Mrs. Rapp died, she—well, Sarah has kind of taken me in charge."

"An old maid, is she?" I asks.

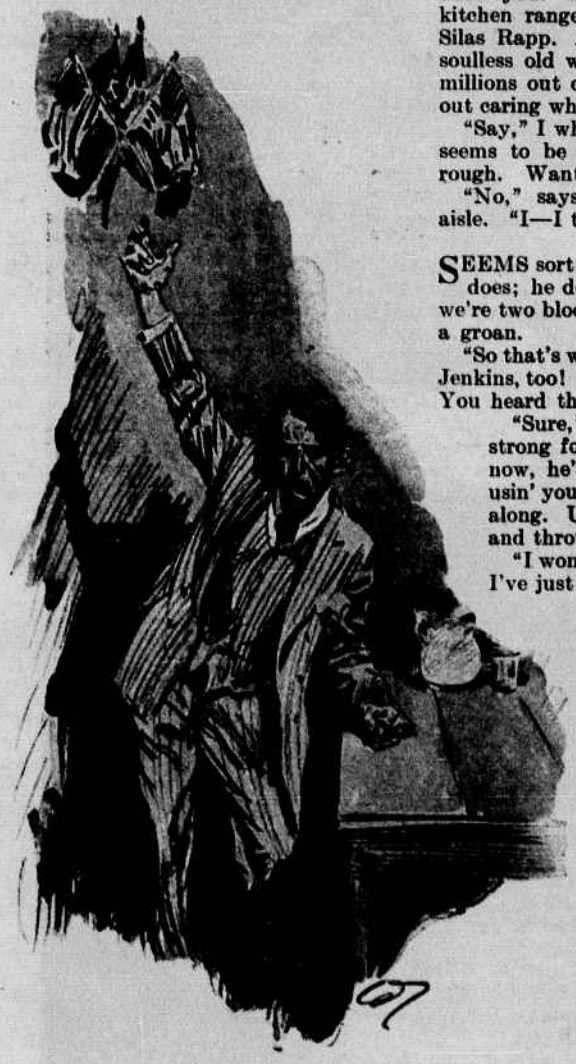
"Double and twisted," says Silas. "Set in her ways, too. Doesn't believe in private charity, for one thing. Wouldn't she raise a row about this, though, if she knew! So whenever I do anything of the kind it's on the quiet. That's why I slipped into town to-day without letting her know. You see, I wanted to look up something I started a couple of weeks ago. It's a little odd, but I think I've found a way to be of help to a lot of people. I—I'd like to tell you about it, McCabe.

"Shoot," says I.

Well, it seems he'd run across an ex-chauffeur of his who was driving a motor-truck for a wholesale house and living over on the East Side with his fam'ly—a fellow by the name of Jenkins. Bright, enterprisin' chap, accordin' to Silas. He'd organized some sort of club over there, kind of an independent Cooper Union on a small scale, where they had speeches and lectures and so on. But all they could afford to hire was a hall over a beer saloon, and the speakin' was interrupted by waiters takin' orders.

"So I leased an old dance-hall," says Silas, "had it fitted up a little, and paid the rent for a year in advance. Anonymously, you understand. Even Jenkins doesn't know who did it. But it's free for them to use seven days in the week. I hear they're having some sort of meeting there this afternoon—helpful addresses to the unemployed, I believe. I thought I'd like to drop around and see how the scheme is working out. I hate sneaking in alone, though. Won't you come along, too?"

Well, I wasn't crazy about it, but he urged so hard that I went. And say, Silas had done the thing up in good shape—



"'You can talk about the brotherhood of man until you're black in the face, but it won't get you anywhere. It's a nice, pleasant, silly dream.'"

seats for several hundred, reg'lar orchestra chairs; a big speakers' platform; plenty of flag decorations; and a sign over the door announcin' that this was "The East Side Public Forum, Admission Free."

THE place was about half full when we wandered in. A short, squatty gent with a heavy crop of grizzly gray hair was holdin' forth on the brotherhood of man or some guff like that. It was kind of a vague, ramblin' talk, and he wasn't holdin' the crowd very well, when a tall, dark-eyed younger man walks out with a watch in his hand. Silas nudges me.

"That's Jenkins," says he. "Looks as if he was running the show."

He was, too. He proceeds to choke off the brotherhood-of-man guy neat and prompt, sayin' there was other speakers waitin', and then he launches out on a few remarks of his own. He starts in mild enough, but he soon begins shootin' it over hot and spicy and wakin' up the audience.

"You can talk about the brotherhood of man," says he, "until you're black in the face, but it won't get you anywhere. It's a nice, pleasant, silly dream. If you think it will work, ask John D. Rockefeller to join you. Ask any capitalist. That's what's the matter with this country—too many millionaires. We have to make 'em and support 'em, you and I. We have to work our souls out to build up their great fortunes, to give 'em palaces to live in. And they don't care a hoot for us, not one of 'em. They hardly know we exist.

"Big or little, they're all the same. They've got us chained down by their trusts, and if we don't keep on working for 'em they shoot us, or put us in jail, or let us starve. They own the judges and the legislatures and the army. That's their idea of a perfectly good brotherhood. I'm not telling you things I've read. I've been the slave of a capitalist myself. Silas Rapp, if you want to know—Rapp, the stove king. What's he got to do with you, eh? Why, every time your wife cooks dinner on the kitchen range you're paying tribute to Silas Rapp. And he's a greedy, selfish, soulless old wretch who has ground his millions out of our working people without caring whether they—"

"Say," I whispers to Silas, "your friend seems to be handin' it to you kind of rough. Want to hear the rest?"

"No," says Silas, edgin' toward the aisle. "I—I think I've heard enough."

SEEMS sort of stunned and dazed, Silas does; he don't say another word until we're two blocks away. Then he lets out a groan.

"So that's what I get!" says he. "From Jenkins, too! And they were all with him. You heard them applaud?"

"Sure," says I. "They're always strong for the hate stuff. I expect, now, he's made such a hit he'll be usin' you as a horrible example right along. Unless you shut up the joint and throw 'em all out."

"I won't do that," says Silas. "No, I've just made another fool mistake. I'll let it go. Let them keep on learning to hate me. Perhaps it's what I deserve."

"Ah, come; buck up, Mr. Rapp!" says I. "You don't mean that."

"Why not?" says he. "Haven't I made a mess of things all around? I'm only fit for money-grabbing, I guess. Whenever I try to do any good with it, I make people wretched. And now—now they're being taught to hate me!"

The old boy has his chin down and his lip is quiverin'. Honest, he was takin' it hard. It's kind of pitiful, too, watchin' him; for it's easy enough to see he's one of these sensitive, thin-skinned parties that likes to have folks think well of him. And hearin' himself roasted in public, that way, had taken the heart right out of him. There's a hunted, desperate look in them kind old eyes of his. No tellin' what he was thinkin' of doin' next.

Well, administerin' first aid to plutes that's had their feelin's hurt was a new line for me, but I couldn't help feelin' sorry for Silas. So I does my best.

"Ah, come!" says I. "If you think you're the only one that ever mis-cued on the philanthropy stunt, you ain't well posted. Why, every big scheme of that kind you can name, from Carnegie's library fund down, is knocked constant and generous by the very ones it's meant to help. I don't know why, but it's so. Check-book charity ain't popular. It's human nature, I expect. Most of us feel that way. Do you cheer every time you see a bread line or pass a soup kitchen? I don't. I can't help thinking that something's wrong somewhere."

"Then," says Silas, "you agree with Jenkins about me?"

"That don't follow," says I. "Jenkins is just a sore-head. He don't think—he feels. All he can see standin' between him and the things he wants is you."

"I know," says Silas. "Perhaps he's right."

"Say, you give me an ache," says I. "Look here. Did you invent the business game as well as the cook-stove? Not much. You found it all laid out, and you played it accordin' to the rules. Near as I can figure out, you've always played it on the level, too. And you happened to make your pile at it. So why are you to blame if others missed out? If any of us don't like the results, it seems to me we're wastin' time hatin' you for that. Our cue is to get together and revise the rules of the game."

"By gum!" says Silas, slappin' his knee. "I never looked at it just that way. I—I believe there's something in that, McCabe. I'm much obliged to you."

"Help yourself," says I. "Givin' off my opinions on things I don't know much about is the easiest thing I do."

"You're right, though," he goes on. "The rules ought to be changed. But I couldn't say how."

"Me, either," says I. "I don't let the fact get me panicky, though. I go on playing the game and gettin' as much fun out of it as I can."

"I wish I could," says Silas. "Anyway, I mean to quit trying fool experiments. There's only one other thing I'd like to do. I wish I had the courage to tackle it."

"What's that?" says I.

"I'd like to raise pigs," says he, solemn and earnest.

"Pigs!" I gasps.

"Yes," says he. "When I was a boy we always had a litter or two around the place every spring. I used to think a lot of those little black and white rooters, with their pink snouts and their funny little eyes and their curly tails. What can be cuter or more comical? It may seem odd to you, but ever since I got out of active business I've had a hankering to go back to Michigan, settle down on my farm, and raise pigs by the hundred."

"Mr. Rapp," says I, "if you're askin' my permission, here you are. Go to it."

"By gum, I will!" says he. "And sister Sarah can just lump it."

WE shakes hands on the proposition, and off he goes. I gets back to the Physical Culture Studio about closin' time, and finds Swifty Joe more or less peeved.

"Ahr-r-r-r chee!" says he. "Why didn't you tip me off this was a half holiday? Been down to Coney, have you?"

"No, Swifty," says I. "Nothing so happy as that. I've been out sympathizin' with the idle rich and steerin' a poor plute back to the pigs."

"Ahr-r-r chee!" says Swifty, indicatin' disgust. And with that he beats it for South Brooklyn.

It was a pleasant afternoon, though, even if I didn't lay up a cent.